The New Unity

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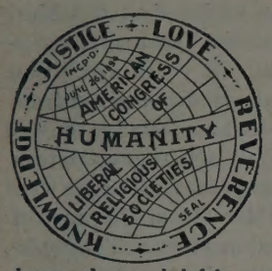

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

Because I built my nest so high,
Must I despair
If a fierce wind, with bitter cry,
Passes the lower branches by,
And mine makes bare?
Because I hung it, in my pride,
So near the skies,
Higher than other nests abide,
Must I lament if far and wide
It scattered lies?
I shall but build, and build my best,
Till, safely won,
I hang aloft my new-made nest
High as of old, and see it rest
As near the sun.

D. Radford.

IT is noble to be willing to die for truth, but it is nobler to be anxious to live for it. In choosing life you choose the harder task.

TRUE heroism lies not in abandoning the actual opportunities because they are not ideal, but in patient persistent working of the actual towards the ideal.

THERE is a selfish passion for dying that has figured largely in the history of the religious world. There is a thirst for martyrdom in some souls that springs not from spiritual force but from impatience with the imperfections of the world, the lack of that spiritual force which endures; that with God is patient of the shortcomings of men.

AT a recent meeting of the Twentieth Century Club of Battle Creek, Mich., our friend, Rev. George W. Buckley, read a paper on "Carlyle: His Influence upon the Thought of his Age." The local paper that reports this meeting announces the next topic for discussion to be "Resolved, That the Government of the United States is Deteriorating." We suspect the management of the club did not detect the grim sequence of topics here. A good infusion of the Carlylean grumble into the life of today would do us good, and if the question of national deterioration was to be made a subject of general discussion, the deterioration might be stopped; the ethical and spiritual rout, and what looks very like a Bull Run stampede in national morals and international ethics might be checked before the central citadel is captured.

NEW YORK has captured Boston's leading liberal preacher. The progressive voice of M. J. Savage is soon to be heard in New York City. But that city has failed in its attempt to do the same thing by Chicago. It has tried to carry away our Dr. Hirsch who has the most commanding voice in Chicago among the non-orthodox. But the stalwart prophet of Sinai Congregation has put the temptation aside and announced last Sunday his decision to stay at least for two years more with his high tasks here. Dr. Hirsch is a man of strong peculiarities and some idiosyncracies. There is pepper in his speech and sometimes a little bitterness in his rhetoric, but he is a scholar, a fearless thinker, a man who on the great questions always sounds the high note and in all the great issues, be they civic or religious, local or cosmopolitan, is on the right side. It would be a great loss to Chicago to lose this fearless man who combines in a remarkable degree the functions of the scholar and an orator. He carries the fruits of the study into his pulpit. Such a man would be a great gain to New York, but haply it is not a question of cities. Such a man here does not belong to Chicago, and there would not belong to New York. He speaks not for a country even but he speaks for humanity and labors for the advancement of the race. A Jew indeed, but his work and words cannot be confined within the boundaries of Judaism. He is common property and his labors increase the commonwealth.

MANY of the readers of THE NEW UNITY will rejoice in the opportunity offered them next Sunday of listening to John Fiske in the pulpit of All Souls Church, Chicago, where he will speak in the morning of "The Everlasting Verities of Religion" and in the evening on "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice," the last in answer to some of the closing and more dismal theories advanced by Prof. Huxley. It has been the habit of Mr. Fiske to make the pulpit of All Souls Church his prophet's platform once a year. To wisely interpret the events that belong to the history of the United States of America is a high and noble task, but to interpret the cosmic laws of being as revealed in the thought and love light of the soul is a higher task, and THE NEW UNITY continues to claim from John Fiske this higher service. He belongs to the limited class to which nature and providence seem to entrust, by virtue of their endowments, the high task of putting the upper stories on to evolution.

THE NEW UNITY does not know how diplomats should speak or how prime ministers should act at banquets. Lord Salisbury may have spoken unwisely and acted very improperly at the banquet, measured by these standards, but measured by the standards of the private citizen and the common sense that ought to actuate the same, he spoke words of wisdom concerning the Turko-Armenian perplexity. A weak government cannot be strengthened by coercion. "Long as England's arm is, it is not long enough to reach into the mountain fastnesses of far-off Armenia" over the heads of Turkish soldiers and Turkish officers and bring by military or other aggressions civilization out of barbarism in a few days or a few months. As the English prime minister has well said, the present awful conditions rest on a thousand years of race and religious prejudices in religion that have there obtained. Instead of humanizing these devotees and ameliorating the antipathies of these unregenerate men, they have intensified prejudices until prejudices have broken out into cruel violations and awful bloodshed. The problem of the Kurds is the problem of semi-barbarous brigandage. There is every reason to believe that the Supreme Porte at Constantinople is more

unable than unwilling to right the wrongs and protect life. A bad man may be disciplined, may profit by castigation, but a weak man must be strengthened, stayed, encouraged or at least whatever remedies are employed, they are not the remedies of violence or the remedies of war.

At last the venerable William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, has fallen asleep. Venerable indeed! He had outlived all his associates. He was the last of the Harvard class of 1820 and was the oldest living graduate of that university. He was ordained to the Unitarian ministry seventy-one years ago and entered at that time upon the pastorate of the Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, which place he occupied for fifty years. He was a friend and companion of Emerson and an active member in that splendid bodyguard of truth and right known as the anti-slavery workers. In his day he was a pioneer thinker and a radical Biblical scholar, a man who brought ability, diligence and singleness of affection to the establishment of a theory of the Christ life, which he outlived though perhaps never outgrew. Altogether, one of the noblest, most picturesque and characteristic figures of American life has rounded out and finished a career ninety-six years long.

The news across the water is hopeful concerning a Parliament of Religions in Paris in 1900. The leaven is working. The spirit generated by that Parliament is not dead and is not dying. Let the American Congress, the first-born and most legitimate child of the Parliament, keep up its courage, take heart. Its friends may suspend their judgment, postpone their endorsement and hesitate to give encouragement because "*the time has not yet come*!" The time has come it seems for something very like it in pagan India. Mr. Ghandi, the representative of the Jain religion, who tarried some months in America after the Parliament, writes back that he "has been in attendance at a Parliament of Religions at Arjat, at which eighteen faiths were represented including the Christian. The meeting was presided over by a Mohammedan and the utmost courtesy and liberality prevailed." Let Americans take heart, the time will come here after awhile. Perhaps we may have to send to India for missionaries to help us.

The last Thursday in January the University of Chicago made a Settlement Day. All the regular exercises were suspended during the day and in the afternoon Kent's Theater was crowded with students and their friends who came to see what could be done for the two or three hundred children which Miss Hofer has gathered in the "stock yard districts" and to hear what Jane Addams, Miss McDowell, the manager of the University Settlement, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones had to say of and for the Settlement Idea. The children were there in splendid array and it is needless to say that they contributed the most impressive numbers to the program. At the close of the exercises a reception was given in the splendid Walker Museum, a building which readily lent itself to such purposes. The great cases, containing archæological and geological specimens made picturesque settings for the tables in pink and yellow. Dr. Harper was expected to preside but being unable to be present in person he sent his "remarks" which were read by Dean Judson. As is the custom when President Harper makes a "few remarks," it is to announce another triumph. This time it was to the effect that the Central Church through Dr. Hillis, the successor of Prof Swing, was pledged to fifteen hundred dollars contribution to the current expenses of the Settlement this year, and that plans were well under way for a "David Swing Memorial" in the way of a suitable building for the Settlement work which will cost not less than thirty thousand dollars. That this is a worthy memorial to Prof. Swing all will agree, that it is an adequate one many will doubt. It will finally be seen that Prof. Swing's contribution to religion was a thought contribution. He dwelt chiefly with the charities of mind. He will not be duly honored in Chicago until his name will somehow be coupled with that which leads thought, inspires thinking and bends itself towards the solution of the perplexing problems of the day. The poor and the friendless need ministering to and Prof. Swing recognized it, but the rich and the indulgent need also to be ministered unto. To this task Prof. Swing applied himself in life. He died with this task unfinished. Who and what will save the perishing classes east of Wabash avenue, the shivering denisons of the avenues and the boulevards? The true David Swing Memorial should be something that will help solve this question. Would that it might be a school for the study of morals and religion untrammelled by doctrinal commitments and pledged to the scientific methods alone. One thing is sure these impoverished souls in places can be saved by sending their checks to the Settlement work west of State street. With all their other gettings, let the citizens of Chicage not rest till this is secured, in connection with the University of Chicago if possible, otherwise if necessary.

A Ministry of Culture.

Meri Toppelius.

On the 29th ult. there was gathered in the beautiful chapel connected with the Graceland crematory in this city a large and most significant company. Many ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the city who have been conspicuous in the intellectual, educational and philanthropic life of Chicago were there assembled. Active business men had left their counting rooms; many teachers in public schools and elsewhere and, most touching of all, a large group of subdued, awed but loving little children, many of them showing signs that they came from meager surroundings and pinched homes, were there assembled. It was a tearful company. Eyes unused to weeping were touched with the dews of feeling and sympathy. They had come to celebrate the death triumph of one whose only kith by right of blood were far away beyond the seas, but of one who by virtue of the sanctity of service and the divinity of helpfulness had made herself at home in a foreign land and made for herself brothers and sisters of those who were of alien blood. She was no stranger because she was at home wherever there was work.

The writer of this notice first met Meri Toppelius at the National Teachers' Association in St. Paul nearly six years ago. She and her sister had but recently arrived from far-off Finland. They had come under the encouragement and support of that great patron of culture and the things that make for wisdom and character, Mrs. Hemmingway, of Boston, now of blessed memory. These sisters had brought from the Hemmingway night schools of Boston specimens of the Sloyd Manual Training work. They were there to explain to eager hundreds of teachers not only the process but the purpose of such work; not technical skill for practical efficiency but character-building, soul-enlarging through the training of the powers of hand, eye and heart. I there discovered a radiant spirit, possessing a cheerful heart, a progressive mind and the noblest of inspiration, the inspiration of progress. I saw in her eye the light of disinterested love and said to her, "We need such as you in Chicago. I hope some day to greet you there." Some months after she appeared in my study and said, "I remember your words in St. Paul. I am here. I have come to help you. I want to work." Like many another she found Chicago more fertile in invitation than in opportunity. The needs were greater than the purpose to supply those needs, and so Miss Toppelius had her season of struggle, a lone girl in a great city, standing for an unappreciated and largely unknown if not unpopular idea in education. But she was by divine appointment a trainer of youths. She came as a missionary of culture, and persisted. For two winters she traveled long distances two nights each week that she might meet in the basement of All Souls Church, Chicago, not the children of the favored, not to do the work that would give her prestige or larger opportunity, but for the sake of helping the boys that, were it not for her ministries, would be on the streets, haunting the dangerous by-paths that lead to dissipation and disgrace. And she reigned among these boisterous boys a queen by right of love's regality. She inaugurated and laid the permanent foundations of the Manual Training work in All Souls Church, Chicago. In less time than could be expected she conquered for herself a place in the educational work of our city. From the teaching of private classes of teachers she rapidly passed into the public school service and was permitted to undertake, in the face of much professional distrust and quiet skepticism, to show what the Sloyd system of manual training might do for children. What was first tolerated as an experiment

passed gradually into an acknowledged success.

If any further evidence was wanting of the potency of her teaching and the benignity of her influence, none better could be offered than the pathetic sobs of the forty or more little children who huddled tenderly together in one corner of the chapel where lay the loved body of their gracious teacher. Their presence proved how motherly was her maiden heart and how speedily she had passed through her trial to triumph, which triumph was revealed and testified to by her radiant death.

Miss Toppelius passed almost literally from her school room to the surgeon's room, whose skill availed only to discover how heavy was the malady and how excruciating was the pain which she had carried through the short years of her life with such cheerfulness and life-giving fortitude that no mortal mind save her own divined the situation, and to her such things did not count, for while her feet were planted on this mortal soil, she was working for immortal principle. Hers was a gentle, quiet, strong, persistent, irresistible spirit which made her indeed a foreign missionary of culture to our rash, noisy, energetic city.

Her name will not be graven on granite or in marble, but it is engraved upon the tablets of human hearts. Her work on the deathless spirit of little boys and girls will remain. Let those who are left in Chicago, living in the terrible isolation of selfishness, whose sumptuous surroundings do but mock their dreary lives, learn how simple are the ways of usefulness and how pleasant are the paths of helpfulness. Miss Toppelius, though strangely isolated from family and kindred, in this respect perhaps literally alone, was lovingly environed with brothers and sisters. Hers was the divine companionship which love and service gives. She went to her death as she went to her tasks in life, with no artificial props of conventional creed, formal piety or theological scheme to rest upon. Sufficient to her was the consciousness that she had a place in the universe and that she was willing to accept that place, whether it be high or low, here or there, now or then. She rested in the infinite presence, the source of light and life which sent her as messenger of truth into the world. Of her may Browning's triumphant death song be said, for she was

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'"

At the close of the brief and simple services which it was the privilege of the present writer to conduct, the heroic body was passed through the purifying flame, at once a benignant agent and beautiful symbol which gave back to mother nature the elements that belong to it after it had served so well the spirit that could not be encoffined, which had passed to "the peace that passeth all understanding," and found its home in the Infinite Presence, the Spirit of light and life. The ashes have been sent across the seas to her distant home in patient Finland to the family which represents one of the most noted names among these ancient people. They will carry with them the assurance to the loving father and mother and other kindred that although they were unable to give to her the sweet ministries that belong to the transformation throes, Meri was not without them. Tender hands and loving hearts were near her to rejoice with her in the death that was a transfiguration.

We send across the deep abyss of water our sympathies and congratulations to the dear home circle in Finland, sympathy for the great loss, congratulations over the splendid triumph, the noble service which their young daughter rendered to this new country, bringing the slowly acquired refinement of centuries to bear on the rough, cras s life of our city of a day.

"For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives."

Swedish Birthdays.

Children in this country, however much they may enjoy birthday celebrations and gifts, are quite content to have them once a year; but the fortunate children of Sweden have three birthdays in the course of every twelve months. First, and most important, is the real birthday; but the other two are also occasions for festivity and the presentation of small gifts. These two days are those whose names the Swedish boy or girl bears; for every day in the Swedish calendar has its own special name, besides the weekly name which it bears, like the days of other countries.

Sometimes the parents give a child one name which is not to be found in the Swedish calendar, so that there is occasionally a sorrowful plaint, such as the one made by a little girl who explained regretfully to some English friends, that she had "only two birthdays." One of my names is Sigrid," she said, "and there isn't any day for that!"

Every day has a special name in the German calendar as well, and some of the names, allowing for the difference in language, are the same in corresponding dates in the two calendars. The observance of such "namesake days," however, is not by any means so common in Germany as in Sweden.

To American ears the glib statement made by a little Swedish girl when asked as to the date of her birthday, "The fifteenth of March, the twenty-second of May and the nineteenth of November," has at first a decidedly strange sound.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Life's Epitome.

BY EDITH WILLIS LINN.

Once it was morning; crimson
The light on mount and sea;
The meadows shone with silvery dew;
The breezes wandered free
O'er roses newly blown.
Love came to seek its own.

Lo! it is noontide; radiant
The sunlight bathes the world;—
Music of bird and droning bee;
White clouds like sails unfurled.
Mid toil and sweat and heat
Love plods with willing feet.

The twilight comes, and slowly
The purple mists will rise;
The evening stars will glisten
Along the dusky skies.
What soul need fear the night
That knoweth love's pure light?

A Unitarian Heretic in "Holy Benares."

BY J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Many will remember that at the close of the great Parliament of Religions in Chicago the suggestion was made by the secretary, Mr. Jones, that there should be a second such great world-parliament in the year 1900, and that it should be held in *Benares*, the sacred city of India.

Perhaps the readers of UNITY may be interested in reading a few words written from this same far-off sacred Benares, by an American Unitarian, who has just preached to two hundred representatives of liberal and progressive religious thought here, the first distinctly Unitarian sermon ever given in this stronghold of orthodox Hinduism.

It is not strange if the fact of my being here seems even to myself a dream. How has it come about? On leaving my church in Ann Arbor for a year abroad, of rest and change and reading at Oxford and Berlin, I had hardly reached London before I was waited upon by a committee from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to ask if I would extend my journey from Egypt (where I hoped to go) to India, and spend the winter traveling through the leading Indian cities, in the interest of the association, meeting the Brahmo Somajes, conveying to them greeting and assurances of sympathy and fellowship from the English Unitarian churches, speaking in behalf of that progressive Theism which Unitarianism and Brahmoism alike represent, and generally studying the religious situation in India, with a view to reporting upon the same at the Anniversaries in London next May. I could hardly refuse so tempting an invitation, much as it would change my previously formed plans. So here I am.

Leaving London in October, and spending a short time in Germany on the way, I arrived in India Novembor 15. The weeks since have been crowded and marvelously full of interest. To one from Europe or America, India is indeed a new world. Everything is strange—the climate, the aspects of nature, the people—their houses, their dress, their complexion, their whole manner of life, as well as their religion. One sees many Englishmen here, but their white color and their foreign dress make them seem like exotics, persons out of their proper place and setting.

Up to this time I have visited Bombay in

the west, Madras in the south, and Ahmedabad, Deltic, Agra, Lucknow, Allahabad and Benares in the central north. Next week I expect to spend in Poona, attending the two great national Indian gatherings of the year, the National Indian Congress and the National Social Conference, which are to be held simultaneously in that city, and then go to the east for a month in Calcutta, Bengal and Assam.

Wherever I go I find the progressive minds of India deeply interested in Unitarianism. The Brahmo, Sadhoran and Arga Somajes all extend to me the warmest welcome. Invitations to speak crowd upon me more than I can possibly fill, and the audiences that come to hear are made up of the best educated of the Hindu people and the leaders of India's educational and social as well as religious progress. The subject upon which I am most asked to speak is the Liberal Religious Thought of England and especially of America. Of course the Parliament of Religions in Chicago has done much to create this interest in America.

Benares is a city of 220,000 population. Politically or commercially it has never been so important as some of the other Indian cities, and today many other places, as regards their history, their antiquities and their art, are far more interesting. But for one interested in the study of the Hindu religion Benares has an interest beyond that of any other city of India. It has been the religious capital of India since long before historic time. No other city is regarded by the Hindu people as approaching it in sacredness. To it the eyes of the devout are turned in every village of the land. To make a pilgrimage to Benares is the most meritorious act one can perform. The consummation of the highest desire a devout Hindu can know is to die within these holy precincts and have his ashes cast into the sacred Ganges.

I will not ask space in your columns for a description of this city, with its five thousand temples, its innumerable shrines, its pilgrims, sometimes a few thousand in number and sometimes multiplying to hundreds of thousands, its armies and armies of priests, all remorselessly demanding money, money, money, its narrow and crowded streets, many of them much obstructed just now by excavations for sewers (thanks to the British government!), its ghats for bathing, its places for burning the dead, its broad and noble though much abused river, its atmosphere of credulity and superstition thick and heavy and stifling everywhere except among the little band of Brahmos who are bravely struggling to kindle a light amid all this darkness.

The city is built on only one bank of the Ganges; on the other bank is a great stretch of sweet, well cultivated, tree-dotted, beautiful country that extends as far as the eye can reach, a joy and a benediction to the traveler as he emerges upon the river from his wanderings amid the tangled streets and the malodorous "holy places" of the temple-cursed, priest-cursed town. The interest of the traveler and student naturally centers principally upon the river and its vicinity, since here are many of the principle temples, some of them coming down to the water's edge, here are the long lines of ghats or stone steps black from earliest dawn till noon with pilgrims bathing, here are the places where the dead are rudely cremated after being immersed in the sacred stream close by, and here is that holy water which men, women and children carry away in bottles to all parts of India as a treasure more precious than gold.

There is no Brahmo Somaj in Benares, though there are a few Brahmos. There are also a few disciples of that other movement somewhat similar (the Arya Somaj), having its center at Lahore in the Punjab, which clings to the infallibility of the Vedas, though monotheistic, and in many respects liberal, progressive and active in social reforms. Besides these there are various outside persons who are more or less liberal and interested in progress. To these persons Mr. Mazoomdar of Calcutta has several times spoken in the past. It was these persons who came together yesterday to hear an American Unitarian tell about the Unitarian thought of the far West. The meeting was a very interesting one to me. It was most impressive to think of such a meeting being held—not dreamed of, but actually *held*—in *Benares*! At the close, the people (and I was especially impressed to find among them a lot of keen, educated, earnest *young* men) flocked about me and would not let me go but kept me for nearly an hour, eagerly asking me questions about this new thought which seemed so to meet the deepest longings of their rational and spiritual natures.

So then let us believe that the way is preparing for a World's Parliament of Religions in Benares. Perhaps not in 1900—but sometime—in God's and truth's and at a good time. And to help on this preparation I wish to make a request. The place that had been engaged for the meeting was the public hall of the Carmichael Library, which is the principal unsectarian public library of Benares. My request is that a copy of the full official report of the great Chicago Parliament of Religions be placed in this Carmichael Library; also a copy of Mr. Jones' "Chorus of Faith"; and also that UNITY be sent regularly to the reading room connected with the library. Is there not some reader of UNITY who will take it upon himself either to make these donations or to see that they are made? The managers of the library will be very glad to receive them. Both the books and papers will find appreciative readers, and will do something to strengthen the liberalizing influences already at work in this stronghold of Hindu conservatism, this sacred city of India.

Benares, December 20, 1895.

The Nation's Obligation.

To Protect the Negro From Mob Violence.

Our churches and others are doing much towards educating these unfortunate people of the South, a very much needed work for a people purposely kept in ignorance two and a half centuries, and for their religious welfare, but no hand nor voice raised by them or the people to right these sad wrongs existing within our nation, under the flag so gallantly sustained by the colored soldier. We call upon our government and the powers to prevent Turkish cruelties against Armenian Christians, but no call to stop those in our own land against our own citizens. If the Turks knew of the barbarisms in practice in this Christian nation they would doubtless, and very properly, request Christians to first clean their own stables—stop the savage acts of Christians against their own people, Christians as well, before doing anything in that line their way.

The nation gave the freedmen, so-called, the ballot and the right of citizenship to prevent the master class from grinding them down into the dust, but the education which came to that class—an education of lord and master, from infancy to old age—gave them an ability, a power as rulers which the freedmen, trained under the lash to obedience and submission, are not able to successfully contend with. That master class, having the disposition to do so and the power, has deprived colored people of nearly all rights as citizens, permits, if it does not direct, the inhuman cruelties in practice.

Because our nation so acted, because of the acts of the master class to render of no force that action of the nation, because of the long cruel slavery acquiesced in by the nation and because of the services rendered by colored soldiers in the time of greatest need, this nation owes a great debt to its colored citizens.

That debt can be in part paid—one step taken to right those many wrongs—by enforcing the constitutional amendments provided in the interest and for the protection of the new colored citizens. Those amendments should be enforced regardless of consequences. Justice and humanity demand this enforcement.

Congress enacts laws for the material welfare of the people—they are enforced—because the people demand such legislation. When the people speak out in pronounced tones demanding of Congress and the president that the rights of citizens—the personal rights—shall be cared for equally with the material interests, government will at once comply and readily find the ways and means to afford protection to citizens at home as well as abroad.

But, unfortunately, the people are "so immersed in other duties and cares," so occupied with their individual affairs, they seldom move in matters of grave public interest unless led by capable, influential men or women. The great need of the hour is for such leaders, broad-minded, justice-loving men and women who will take the advance in this cause for right and justice to a helpless and oppressed people—our own citizens not people of far-away Asia.

CHAS. H. WILLIAMS.

Our Salvation.

Whatever phrases we may coin about labor's dignity, that man does not honor labor who seeks as far as possible to avoid bearing its burdens. Labor which is regarded only as a necessary ladder to wealth has no dignity.

The blacksmith who pounds out his livelihood by his strong right arm and saves and pinches in order that his boy may have capital to enter business and win a fortune "so that he may not need to work as his father has done," does not honor his labor. He debases it as much as the most delicate-fingered aristocrat.

Work, on the farm, the railroad, in the counting room or the school ceases to be servile and becomes honorable when it is done, not through bitter necessity but for the sake of its own usefulness. We must "work out our salvation," for work is our salvation.

It is the salvation of society. Some reformers seem to be under the delusion that in a Utopian society the work of the world will be reduced to a minimum. But such a state of society would be, not Utopia but savagery. Civilization has been constantly putting before men's eyes new objects to be striven for—ever higher and more difficult as culture has advanced. Any man, even today, who would be willing to live as savages lived can reduce his labor to a minimum. But of all the gifts which civilization has conferred upon humanity none is so precious as this very habit of work which has been cultivated in him.

There is not a man who breathes, uncouth, fierce-hearted, brute-impassioned, whose labor and struggle in the world is not grinding, chiselling, moulding his character. It may be that holy love he does not know, that truth and knowledge are yet far off from

him; and yet in the sweat of his brow, the toil of his hands there is one great redemption force already at work in his life. There is the beginning of nobleness, of religion in the sturdy purpose with which he goes forth to his labor with the sunrise shining in his face and in the satisfaction which he feels at sunset over his work manfully accomplished. The humblest, most ignorant toil is capable of shining with the glory of an "Angelus."

The work which we do arouses in us the strong feeling of comradeship for those who touch shoulder and elbow with us. The work we do replaces our morbid, self-centered thought with a keen interest in the welfare of the world for which we labor.

And at last the work, begun in the keen struggle of necessity, is consecrated to a nobler shrine. And we work because we love, and almost forget in the beauty of this higher vision of life the steps up which we have toiled—that we love because we have worked. Love and work join hands, thenceforth inseparable.

> "Beloved, let us love so well,
> Our work shall still be better for our love,
> And still our love be sweeter for our work,
> And both commended, for the sake of each
> By all true workers and true lovers born."

The heart of the true worker is drawn at last into sympathy with the Divine working of ceaseless energy in the developing life of the ages. As we understand the purpose which thus has been working in the betterment of all life, we come to the thought of our highest possibilities as "co-workers together with God," and we understand the meaning of Jesus' words, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

"Work out your own salvation," writes Paul, "with fear and trembling." Yes, millions of men are doing this, in weariness, anxiety, despair of heart knowing not the meaning of their struggle, knowing only the crushing pressure of the burdens of life. And in their blindness and their despair by their labor they nevertheless will achieve their redemption—their work will be their salvation.

But there is a higher possibility for us who have caught the meaning of ages, who have learned of a power that worketh good out of evil, that worketh always to develop the brutal into the divine. We may work out our salvation, not "with fear and trembling," but with gladness of heart, with the enthusiasm of the highest purpose which can come into human life, the working in partnership with the power which creates suns and earths, and which is transforming by its tireless working earth itself into the kingdom of heaven.

From a sermon by CARLETON F. BROWN.

READ the inducements offered on page 784 to old subscribers and for new ones. If you want to help THE NEW UNITY and be benefited thereby yourselves, be sure to read the offers made.

IT is related of the late Elder Tooker, of venerated and saintly memory, that he was once conducting a Love Feast, when a brother rose and joined in that peculiar and interesting free parliament. "I thank the Lord for a free salvation," he said. "I have been a member of this church for forty years and it hasn't cost me but $40.00." The venerable Elder Tooker had a habit of presiding over these love feast meetings with closed eyes and dignified air. Without opening his eyes or departing from his usual dignity he remarked: "May the Lord have mercy on your poor, penurious soul. Verily, a hundred such souls could hold a jubilee in a mustard seed and still have rooms to let. Will some other brother give us his experience?"

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Responsive Reading.

XI. Selected from Mencius.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN.

All men have in themselves the feelings of mercy and pity, of shame and hatred of vice.

Each one by cultivation causes these feelings to grow or allows them to wither.

They may be trained as well as the limbs or the senses.

All things are contained complete within ourselves.

The mountain-side naturally brings forth beautiful shrubs—and even when they are cut down young shoots will constantly spring up.

But if cattle are allowed to feed there the mountain looks bare.

Shall we therefore say that the bareness is natural to the mountain?

So lower passions are let loose, which eat down the nobler growth of reverence and love in the heart of man.

Shall we then say there are no such feelings in his heart at all?

Under the quiet peaceful airs of morning and evening the shoots tend to grow again.

To know heaven is to develop the principle of our higher nature.

Humanity is the heart of man; justice is the path of man.

Humanity possesses a divine nature, but it is only the wise man who can fulfil what his nature promises.

Benevolence, justice, propriety and wisdom have their root in his heart, and shine forth in his countenance.

His errors are like the eclipses of the sun and moon. His errors all men recognize, but his restoration all men look for.

To be a prince, prime minister or high officer constitutes human nobility.

But divine nobility is benevolence, justice, fidelity and truth, and to delight in virtue without weariness.

The Cause of International Reason and Peace.

BY EDWIN D. MEAD.

No one who was present at Plymouth on Forefathers' Day, at the celebration of the 275th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, will ever forget the culminating moment in Senator Hoar's great oration. It was in the very week that the country had been shocked by the threatening words toward England in President Cleveland's message on the Venezuela question, the hasty action of Congress, and the reckless words, more culpable than either, of portions of our press and people, showing a degree of the spirit of war and of the old, unthinking prejudice against England, which it was hoped had forever passed away in America. There was no heart in that vast assembly which was not heavy with the burden of responsibility so suddenly laid upon the nation, and no one who did not feel that the great senator, knowing history and its deep lessons as no other now in the national councils knows them, could not let that memorable occasion pass without some clear and serious word upon the problem of the hour. The people waited for the word; and every ear was alert and every face showed a new eagerness when, as he neared the close of his oration, in his magnificent characterization of the Pilgrim qualities, he said with peculiar and solemn emphasis:—

"The Pilgrims were Englishmen. Their children are, in the essentials of national character, Englishmen still. We have a great admixture of other races. But it is an admixture chiefly from those northern races of which England herself was composed. In spite of past conflicts and present rivalry England is the nation closest to us in affection and sympathy. The English language is ours. English literature is, perhaps, more familiar to the bulk of our people than to Englishmen themselves. The English Bible is still our standard of speech, our inspiration, our rule of faith and practice. We look to English authority in the administration of our system of law and equity. English aptness for command, habit of success, indomitable courage, unconquerable perseverance, have been, are, and are to remain the American quality. The men of other blood who come here acquire and are penetrated with the English, or perhaps without boasting or vanity we may say, the American spirit. The great bulk of our people are of English blood. But by the spirit, which has its own pedigree, its own ancestry, its own law of descent and of inheritance, we are English even more than by any tie of physical kinship. It is of this pedigree of the spirit, governed by forces of which science has as yet given us no account, that we are taking account today. It is by virtue of its laws that John Winthrop counts George Washington among his posterity, James Otis transmits his quality to Charles Sumner. Emerson may well be reckoned the spiritual child of Bradford; Channing the spiritual child of John Robinson; and Miles Standish the progenitor of Grant. . . . When the boys who went out from a New England dwelling to meet death at Gettysburg or Antietam with no motive but the love of country and the sense of duty, shall meet, where they are gone, the men who fought the livelong day with Wellington or obeyed Nelson's immortal signal, they shall

'Claim kindred there and have the claim allowed.' "

The orator paused—and a hush fell upon the multitude. "What I said just now," he continued with deliberation, breaking the silence, "was written more than ten days ago. Let it stand!" It was an electric word; and quick as the thunder follows lightning came the great tempest of applause and gratitude from the hands of every man and woman of the thousands gathered there. Never before, it seemed, had approbation been so eager, so solemn, or so eloquent.

"Let it stand! It is well that these two great nations should know something of each other that they don't get from their metropolitan press, whether in London or in New York. Each of them should know that, if it enter into a quarrel with the other, it is to be a contest with that people on the face of the earth which is most like to itself. The quarrel will be maintained on both sides until Anglo-Saxon, until English, until American, endurance, is exhausted. For that reason, if for no other, such a conflict should never begin. The whole thing is very simple. We cannot permit any weak power on this continent to be despoiled of its territory, or to be crowded out of its rights, by any strong power anywhere. England would not permit us to do that to Belgium or to Denmark. On the other hand, we have no title to interfere with the established boundaries of English territory whether we like them or do not like them. All between these two limits is subject for discussion and for arbitration; subject for that international arbitration which a delegation of English members of Parliament came to Boston a few years ago to impress upon us, saying that, in their desire for its establish-

ment, they represented the opinions of a large majority of the English House of Commons. The settlement of pending differences upon these principles will be compelled by the business men and the religious sentiment of these two nations, influences always irresistible when they are united, and when they are brought to bear upon large matters of national and international import."

And once again came the great thunder of applause. New England, gathered by Plymouth Rock, had found her voice. One of her senators, in that jaunty, insane hour at Washington following the reading of the message, the remembrance of which hour still brings the blush to every patriot, had rubbed his hands and cried that he was "bubbling over with delight." Another had made haste to move the appropriation of a hundred millions to put the country in readiness for war. But here, by the mouth of her greatest man in the national councils, the deep, true feeling of New England had found expression; and the reception of the word was as eloquent and memorable as its utterance. Political adventurers might play with the awful issues of war; but men who pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock, to consecrate their lives anew to freedom and to God, do not play, and their voice is not uncertain.

The business men and the religious sentiment of the country, said Senator Hoar, would unite to compel the settlement of these unhappy differences upon righteous principles. The reckless politician might bluster for a day, and the irresponsible man about town indulge his folly; and so they did. The Washington correspondent of our leading Boston newspaper telegraphed on the morning after the message, along with the interviews with scores of congressmen: "The popularity of the message in the country generally was the first thing that most senators and representatives spoke of, and there was no contrary opinion on this point. The war spirit, as a result of thirty years of peace, is supposed to be rising in the country, and the hereditary hatred of Great Britain, the desire of the South to march to battle once more under the American flag, and the impatience of the young men of the country with the slow processes of reward in peaceful pursuits, were all mentioned as reasons why the suggestion of the possible war would be popular." "We ought to show the British our teeth," was the word, quoted from somebody at one of the great hotels, which, we were told in the local columns of the same issue, crowded with similar insanity, "admirably expressed the views and beliefs of nine-tenths of the representatives of manufacturing houses found at the hotels last night." But all this was hushed when the real masters of business found their voice, recovering from the confusion into which the country had been so suddenly and wickedly precipitated under circumstances which compelled it to show its superficial side and do itself injustice. The true business men of the country found their voice in the noble address of the New York Chamber of Commerce. They found it in the letter of Charles Francis Adams. They found it earlier still in the speech of Nathan Matthews, the late mayor of Boston. While hundreds were yet talking of war with the same lightness with which they would talk of New Year's dances, this sagacious business man reminded Boston and the country what war would really mean to us, and especially what war with England would mean to the interests of civilization with which we are so sacredly entrusted.

"If a war should break out between this country and Great Britain, it would be carried on, not by land, but on the sea; and with the inadequate navy which we now possess there can be no doubt that the principal seat of war would be the cities along our sea-coast. The cities are practically defenceless against the attack of a strong naval force. Such a war might and probably would result in the annexation of Canada, and in the paralysis or destruction of British commerce; but, on the other hand, it would involve an enormous destruction of property along the sea-coast and perhaps in the destruction of New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, in the loss of our foreign markets and an incalculable injury to every branch of industry and commerce. Let us take a further step and consider the effect of such a war on the future of the civilized world. This country would have nothing to gain from it; but Great Britain would, beside injury to her commerce, suffer perhaps the loss of her colonial empires in the different sections of the globe. England's difficulty would be Russia's opportunity, and we might confidently expect a war between this country and Great Britain to be the signal for the outbreak of that general European conflict which has been pending for a generation. With her naval forces divided, the final outcome, it seems to me, could not be doubtful; the British empire would be destroyed, and the ascendency of the English-speaking races would be forever ended. The final result would be the end of English civilization as the controlling factor in the progress of the world. That such a war with all its consequences should be precipitated by the United States of America, a country that above all others owes its success and power to the peaceful prosecution of industry and trade, is a thought that should cause every true American to pause before he advocates or talks of war; and it should cause every representative of the American people in the federal administration or in the federal Congress to proceed with prudence and deliberation. "I believe that there is here, at least, little or no sympathy with the thoughtless jingoism that would set one branch of the English race to fight the other, and thus bring on the greatest and most disastrous war of modern times."

The business men have been true to Senator Hoar's confidence. So have the workingmen of the country. While the author of *Ben Hur*, "a tale of the Christ,"—the same who was assuring us a year ago that the Turks could be trusted to act piously in Armenia,—was screaming his readiness to organize a brigade immediately in Indiana to help push through Canada and annex to the republic everything to the North Pole, and while that noble patriot, David Hill, was hastening to get disabilities removed from southern brigadiers, and regiments of Texas veterans were reported ready for battle, from the workingmen of America, from the labor unions and other organizations, there came only words of friendship for their kin beyond the sea, only words of condemnation for the wantonness by which we had been plunged into the outer circles of the possibility of fratricidal strife.

If the business men of the country justified Senator Hoar's confidence, and the workingmen made a nobler record still, so was the religious sentiment of the country true to his expectations. Never was the American pulpit truer to its high calling, and never did it bring itself to bear upon public opinion at a critical juncture with a more potent and united voice, than on the Sunday following the president's message, the day following that on which Senator Hoar spoke at Plymouth. It was the Sunday before Christmas. On the day before Senator Hoar spoke, William Everett, speaking at the Jay centennial, concluded a powerful denunciation of the war fever, the first be it remembered to his honor which had been spoken in any high place, with these stirring words: "We shall in less that a week be celebrating all over this country the birth of the Saviour of mankind. Jesus was born at a time of profound peace, so grateful to a world that had been racked with war for a century, that men worshiped as a god the crafty emperor who achieved it. From a hundred thousand churches next Wednesday will be repeated the angels' song, 'Peace on earth, good will towards men.' Let no man who still holds to his Christian profession dare to enter a house of prayer next Wednesday, or ask his children to dance in glee round a tree resplendent with the gifts of Christ's birthday, if he is giving the lie to his Master's religion by seeking national honor and the elevation of humanity in the horrors, cruelties, crimes of war."

But before Christmas came the American church had spoken; and there was hardly a discordant note. We quote a passage from the published sermon of Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston, "War or Peace?" because it is representative of the spirit of every significant sermon which came from the New England pulpit on that solemn day.

"Louis Kossuth said, 'There is not yet a Christian nation.' Indeed, most of the nations that are called Christian, and which for centuries have been under nominal Christian instruction, are great military camps. Year after year there is no hour of any night when thousands of sentinels are not standing guard or pacing to and fro, ready to give alarm to the great armies of men who always sleep within easy reach of their guns. . . . Shall we follow the older nations in the path to ruin, or lead them in the way of welfare and happiness? A majority of the newspapers, millions of citizens, and both Houses of Congress accepted it as the instant dictate of patriotism and honor to back the president in his conditional threat that, if England does not settle her dispute with Venezuela in accordance with the findings of a commission to be appointed by us, we will 'resist by every means in our power.' These are strong words: they draw the issue sharply, and they put in peril the peace of three nations. "The passions are quick; reason is slow; the judicial faculty is slowest of all. Raise a war-cry, on any ground or on no ground, and immediately thousands are seized with a contagious military fever. If there are some smouldering embers of an old ancestral grudge, the least breath of jingoism will rekindle the fires, and men will really imagine that hatred of another country is love of their own. The anarchist who flings a dynamite bomb and kills a few policemen is justly regarded as a public enemy. But, before the bar of heaven, I would rather take his risks than to stand in the place of the men who gloat over the prospect of a war, or who study to embroil the nations."

Mr. Hoar and Mr. Matthews and Mr. Ames represent the best political, business and religious feeling of New England. In the educational and literary realms New England has spoken with as true and firm a voice. We could call many noble representatives to witness. We shall only cite words of Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard University, and John Fiske, our most eminent historian. Said Professor Peabody, in an eloquent address to the young men of Harvard on "The Greater Puritanism," on Forefathers' Day:—

"Into the midst of this national lightmindedness, which talks of the inconceivable horrors of war with next of kin as if it were

an international sport, comes tonight the grave, self-searching, sober Puritan. The Puritan was not afraid to fight. As he stands here before us, he has his sword girt on his side and his flint-lock in his hand. But he is afraid to do wrong. He would not dare to fight for any cause that is unjust or superfluous. He is not a freebooter, looking for a chance for glory; he is a good soldier of Jesus Christ, taking orders for a holy war. His commonwealth rests, not on bluster, but on righteousness; and his legislators are chosen under this counsel of John Robinson: 'Whereas you are to become a body political, let your wisdom and godliness appear by choosing such persons as do entirely love and will diligently promote the common good.' Do not let us mistake the lesson of the present issue. A country like this is not likely to be taken captive by external foes, but we may as well face the evidence that its permanence is not yet beyond the possibility of disaster. One condition of prosperity no nation is strong enough to defy—the necessity for soberness, consistency and self-control. Republics quite as strong as this, in comparison with the powers of their own age, have had their day and have ceased to be. The real perils among us are internal—a soft theory of life, a limp literature, reckless politics and conscienceless competition. These are foes which no navy is large enough to repel, and no coast defence strong enough to exclude. The stability of the republic rests just where the pilgrims planted it, on a rock of a national conscience; and the only secure coast defence is along the line of the stern and rock-bound coast of righteousness."

Mr. Fiske wrote to the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, a few days afterwards, the following plain and manly words:—

"It is high time that the wickedness, the silliness and the vulgarity of all this jingoism should be thoroughly exposed. It is enough to make any thoughtful patriot blush for shame to behold the spectacle for gods and men which our country has been making of herself during the past ten days. "Jingoism is by some thoughtless people called 'Americanism.' In truth, nothing could be more un-American. There is nothing which those greatest and wisest of Americans, Washington and Lincoln, would have more emphatically condemned. The noble example which our country has set before the world has been the example of a vast federation in which states no less than individuals are amenable to the laws. Our whole federal system has been for a century the most pacific system the world has ever seen, and in this has lain its true dignity and glory as well as its unexampled prosperity. Upon this prosperity we are wont to pride ourselves; we exult in the growth of our resources, the vastness of our strength, till we are in danger of being led astray by the mere impetus of our magniloquence. Unless justly, morally and decently used, our strength is no credit to us. If that vast strength were to be pressed into the service of jingoism, it would simply result in making the United States a pest and nuisance among nations. With the possession of advantages goes the moral obligation to use them properly. But, indeed, the people of the United States have no real sympathy with jingoism. They are as sincerely and honestly pacific in disposition as any people in the world; and although a false appeal to national pride may call forth for the moment a false note of response, the sober second thought comes quickly to their aid."

There is one tone through all these various utterances representing what is best in the political, commercial, literary, religious and educational thought of New England—the tone of sanity, of dignity, of fraternity, of peace, of reason. They are the words of men who realize what is of real moment in the grave issue with which the nation was so suddenly confronted.

Much is said about the Monroe Doctrine. The controversy of the diplomats and then the popular controversy rages about the Monroe Doctrine. What was the Monroe Doctrine? It was a doctrine stated by President Monroe, acting in express concert with the great English minister Canning, at a time when there was grave danger that the "Holy Alliance" (of Prussia, Austria and Russia), embodying the reactionary and ultra monarchical policy which followed the Napoleonic wars, would seek the control of South America, as it was already interposing in the internal affairs of Spain. Our young republic, valuing so dearly its own liberties, and inspired by the high resolve that the American continent should be devoted to free institutions, declared through President Monroe that as "the political system of the allied powers was essentially different from that of America," and as it was "impossible that the allied powers should extent their political system to any portion of either continent [North or South America] without endangering our peace and happiness," therefore "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," and "could not view any interposition" with the independent South American states, "for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." "The American continents"—this was the general principle stated—"are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

This is the famous Monroe Doctrine. It was the declaration, in a serious crisis, of a policy of defence against the extension in America of political institutions opposed to ours and therefore "dangerous to our peace and safety." We have heard of no eminent special student of our constitutional history and diplomacy who admits the application of the doctrine to the dispute in Venezuela. Professor Burgess and Professor Moore of Columbia College, Woolsey at Yale, Hart, Thayer and McVane at Harvard, Von Holst at Chicago and many more have spoken sweepingly against any such interpretation; almost no disinterested scholar has been found willing to re-enforce by his authority the appeal of the partial politician. The argument that the spread of English institutions over three hundred miles of South America is dangerous to our peace and safety, because forsooth England is a "monarchy," is an argument unworthy of any man who has got beyond the kindergarten of history and politics. England is a monarchy only in name, as Venezuela is a republic only in name. The political institutions of England today are as free and democratic as our own, a hundred times as free, progressive and worthy of our confidence and favor as those of any South American republic controlled—or uncontrolled—by Portuguese and Spaniards. In the whole history of diplomatic correspondence—we wish to say it deliberately—we know of no observation so poor and shallow or, in view of the relations of England to Canada, so insulting, as that of Secretary Olney to the British minister, that "distance and three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between an European and an American state unnatural and inexpedient. Europe as a whole is monarchical, while America is devoted to the opposite principle, that of self-government. Whether moral or material interests be considered, it cannot but be universally conceded that those of Europe are irreconcilably diverse from those of America." How many miles of ocean do our politicians consider many enough to make political union unnatural and inexpedient? Is Hawaii too far away from us for it? Is Cuba too far? Is Greenland too far?

This whole extraordinary statement proceeds from a view of history and of facts which belongs to the time of Andrew Jackson. England is a country as devoted to the principle of self-government as our own; France is a republic; and all the nations of western Europe, so far from being, as Secretary Olney's words imply, in the political condition in which they were in the days of James Monroe, so far from having institutions permanently and irreconcilably diverse from those of America, are advancing in the great march of political, social and industrial freedom, in the establishment of enlightened principles and the working out of courageous and great experiments, in a manner which should make every one of us earnestly seek to bring America into the closest and most fraternal and organic relations with them, and which command us quite as often to be humble learners as to play the part of teachers and lecturers.

But is this all? By no means. Whatever James Monroe said or did not say, we are a member of the great family of nations and of the family of American nations in particular. It was a part of the Monroe Doctrine that, as we would permit no European intervention in American affairs, so we would not intervene in the affairs of Europe. May it be long before we are called upon for any such intervention! But we should understand, our politicians as well as the rest of us, that the old hard and fast distinction between the eastern and western hemispheres, which existed to the mind of John Quincy Adams and James Monroe, has forever passed away. It is an antiquated distinction. An exigency may arise tomorrow, in Turkey, in Russia, in China, in western Europe, which may command us, for our own sake, or by our common obligation to humanity, to make our influence felt. The steamship, the cable, travel, trade, everything which makes the modern world, bring Europe every day into closer relations with us than South America is. The ocean, so far from being a barrier between the continents, as Secretary Olney thinks, is now a bridge. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Scandinavians, their borders overflowing, will not forever leave the great continent of South America, a continent forty times as large as France, fertile, of exhaustless mineral resources, salubrious, with great rivers flowing to the sea, a continent richer, more attractive and more promising far than Africa,—the great peoples of Europe, we say, will not and cannot leave this great continent forever idle, in the hands of restless, revolutionary and incompetent Portuguese and Spaniards, the very people of all European peoples who have least enterprise, least industry, least capacity for administration, least genius for that self-government which Secretary Olney talks about so arrogantly and so poorly understands. Let us not be the dog in the manger to prevent the utilization and civilization of South America and that extention there of the best European forces which is both natural and expedient. Let not the voice of New England, above all, join in the decree that an American continent shall forever remain New Spain.

Yet let us never be unfaithful to the obligations of good neighborhood; nothing commands that. Let us not see injustice done

to any weaker sister by an imperious power. John Bull has all too often been greedy and a bully. Lowell told him so in those troublous times of thirty years ago in lines which Englishmen will not forget and Americans are not ashamed of. England does not resent those lines, and will not resent our remembering them now. For there is an England, as there is a John Bull, and she will quickly enough find her voice in the present exigency. Had Mr. Gladstone instead of Lord Salisbury been prime minister of England, we should have heard nothing of this refusal to submit the Venezuelan dispute to arbitration. The English people will meet the American people half way in the rational and peaceful solution of a problem which has been precipitated before most of them as suddenly and unexpectedly as before most of us. The tone of the English press and people throughout this whole unhappy crisis has been self-controlled, considerate, kind and worthy, in striking contrast with the violence and fever which marked so much speech and action among ourselves. There has been nothing to indicate any hostile sentiment whatever against us among the people of England. The warlike words of which in that insane week so many went from us to them came to them clearly as a painful surprise. "I am surprised," says the correspondent of the London *Chronicle*, coming to Washington, "to see the feeling of enmity existing in the United States against Great Britain. There is no such feeling in our country, I can assure you, against America." If the correspondent had left Washington, he would quickly have been able to inform his journal which has done such conspicuous service among the newspapers of London to establish a right understanding between the two countries, that the atmosphere of Washington is not the atmosphere of the United States.

What then ought our government to have done upon the reception of the British minister's note refusing arbitration of the Venezuelan claims? It should have told him plainly a very simple thing. It should have told him that, in the opinion of the American people, such a refusal was not in accord with the best sentiment of the modern world, and that our duty to a weaker sister republic, unable to cope with a great power, and entitled by all American traditions to look to us for protection against injustice, compelled us to farther action. In the lack of that international tribunal which we urged and which Great Britain, if conscious of the justice of her claims, should have been forward to grant, it became our duty to create a commission to give our own people exact information upon the facts and to submit its verdict to the judgment of civilized mankind. Does any serious man believe that the conclusions of such a commission, its *personnel* precisely that of the commission just created, supported as those conclusions would be by a complete historical and legal argument, would be ignored by the people of England, or by the government of England? If they were ignored, then would have been time for action.

Such action would have been a triumph of diplomacy, as in this latter day simplicity and manliness and courtesy alone are. It would have effected that wise thing which Samuel Adams, in the more serious circumstances of a hundred years ago, always counselled and always practised: it would have "kept the enemy in the wrong." But it would have done something higher far than that; it would have maintained the good name of the republic and kept her still at the front, in this day, when the men of vision and great-mindedness the wide world over are laboring to make the groaning nations ground their arms and be friends, as the great champion and exemplar of international reason, good manners and good will. By its hasty and utterly uncalled-for threat of war, stirring up as was inevitable all the bad passions and prejudices of our people, and compelling as it has already done talk of costly armaments, new battte-ships, a double army, a war footing, adding to the sum total of the sense of insecurity and discord which shackles struggling mankind, the president's message has given the republic a blow as a factor in civilization and the progress of the world for which much indeed will be required to make atonement. The common sense of the country, co-operating with the common sense of England, will avert the ultimate disaster which would have been so easy and so certain with peoples more excitable and less disciplined; but it is hard to understand how any serious man can have seen and heard what was seen and heard in that sad week before Christmas, and not feel the danger and the wrong to the nation of such a course as that witnessed at Washington. It is not the part of a patriot to be silent in such a crisis; that is a bastard patriotism. The measure of my love for any institution, said Arnold of Rugby, is the measure of my desire to reform it. The measure of our love for our country should be the measure of our desire to keep it true to its own highest ideals and to restore it to the right when it is wrong. Our duties as citizens are no less chivalric and noble than our duties as gentlemen; and a gentleman is never more a gentleman than when he says: "I have done wrong, I am to blame."

It is not a question of the Monroe Doctrine. Differ as we may about that, few would care to criticise the government for any simple and proper assertion of it. It is the deep question of the reckless appeal to the war spirit in a great nation. It is not a question primarily of blaming the administration. It is a question of the bluster and brag and swagger of which we have seen and heard so much from a certain class of our politicians during the last five years,—politicians, be it plainly said, at a time when the president is the subject of so much criticism, not chiefly of his party. The people have indulged these displays of pinchbeck patriotism, these appeals to national vanity and selfishness and greed, these partisan and brutal promptings to aggressiveness and war, until great classes were made drunk by them, and a portentous mass of dangerous and inflammable sentiment had been rolled up, which needed but a match to start a conflagration. We cannot but believe that the American people will learn the lesson, and that the levity and wickedness of which we have had so much will cease to be tolerated longer among sober men. If the recent flash of lightning serves to show the counrry whither reckless war talk leads and to clear the air, it will not have been wholly vain or wholly bad.

Washington, in his farewell address, warned the country in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party. Few dangers threaten a democracy so great as those from great contesting parties which, once vital and sincere, born for high and special purposes, outlive their vocation and continue on by the sheer momentum of great organization. Fictitious issues must be created and magnified antagonisms maintained for partisan and campaign needs. The real and crying evils in the country, which call for the attention of every man with any claim to patriotism or statesmanship, are neglected and ignored; and Satan always finds some work for idle hands—as he has now proved once again. Had our great parties had their activities and zea engrossed in the great work of social and industrial reform which so imperatively commands attention, there would have been no time and no temptation for the jingoism of the last five years and the imbroglio which has wrought such evil to the country and the world.

An address from the leading men of letters in England to their brethren in America was published in London on Christmas day. The address was signed by more than a thousand representative men—Ruskin, John Morley, Walter Besant, Watson, and the hundred kindred names which Americans hold dear. It was an address full of fraternity and confidence and admiration, of appeal to the great past and of high hope for the future achievements of the united Anglo-Saxon race. "For two such nations to take up arms against each other would be civil war."

From every American man of letters, from every earnest man, let the word be echoed back in one great chorus. Let England know that America feels as truly and as deeply as she can feel that any interruption of fraternal relations between the two great English-speaking peoples would be a blow to civilization, and that it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to seek to bind the nations more closely together than ever before in the cause of international reason and of peace.—From the *New England Magazine* for February.

The Home

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—All Nature's signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

Mon.—The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

Tues.—To seek is better than to gain,
The fond hope dies as we attain.

Wed.—Still in mutual suffrance lies
The secret of true living.

Thurs.—He findeth not who seeks his own,
The soul is lost that's saved alone.

Fri.—To be saved is only this,—
Salvation from our selfishness.

Sat.—He is greatest and best who can
Worship Allah by loving man.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Time.

Do you wish me then away?
You should rather bid me stay;
Though I seem so dull and slow,
Think before you let me go!

Whether you entreat or spurn
I can never more return;
Times shall come and times shall be,
But no other time like me.

Though I move with leaden feet,
Light itself is not so fleet;
And before you know me gone
Eternity and I are one.

—W. D. Howells, in *Harper's.*

Mabelle's Valentine.

BY ORPHA MARSH BENNETT.

"Little old Jimmie" lived in the great house on the corner. Everything was his that a five-year-old lad could enjoy—fine clothes, dainty food, pets and playthings to amuse him, a nurse to care for him, best of all, a stately papa and a pretty mamma to love him and watch over him, all day long.

Mabelle lived across the street—not at the

big boarding house, but behind it, in a small, dark room with her "Gran," who was cook for the boarders. She wore coarse, dingy frocks; her food was remnants from the boarders' table; she had no playthings and nobody to love her except "Gran,"—"Gran," who was often cross and who beat her with the strap that hung behind the kitchen door when her little, brown fingers "boddered" too much.

Jimmie had a fair, rosy skin, and a cloud of well-brushed, yellow curls danced like a flock of butterflies round his head. Mabélle was a very dark brown, almost black, and her fuzzy hair was always tied up in little bunches with bits of twine, except on Sundays, when "Gran" "carded" it and substituted for the twine strips of bright calico.

In spite of all these differences, Jimmie and Mabélle were fast friends. Many times a day they might be seen playing cosily together on the sidewalk in the warm winter sunshine, and, although all seven of the Wilsons and a numerous tribe of his small cousins might stand expectantly by, it was Mabélle first that generous Jimmie shared the hot tamales nurse bought for him from the queer, little Mexican peddler.

When night came, Mabélle lay down in her clothes on the hard cot beside her "Gran," but Jimmie, in his clean, little gown was tucked away in the whitest and softest of cribs by his fond mamma.

And there St. Valentine's morning found him fast asleep and dreaming perhaps of the day and of the pretty missives that it would bring him.

"Jimmie," called his mamma, "Jimmie, boy, wake up and see what a fine valentine Dame Nature has sent you."

And Jimmie sleepily opened his eyes and looked first of all at the very best thing in the world—his mother's face—and then out between the parted curtains of the window at a cloud—a shower of something white, floating softly and dreamily past.

"Sugah!" said Jimmie. "No, fevvahs! Oh, mamma! See!"

"You darling!" exclaimed his mamma, lifting him bodily and carrying him to the window. "It's snow, Jimmie, mamma has told you about snow. See! It is all over the ground and the trees and the fences. What pretty white caps it has put on the gate posts. It must be a foot deep. Feel how cold it is," and she opened the window and patted a little of the soft, white stuff on her boy's rosy cheeks.

"Ow!" squealed Jimmie in delight. "Let me go out and play in it an' make a snow man, mamma? an' skate an' go sleigh ridin' like you all did when you weh a little—"

Jimmie's mamma laughed. "All but the skating, laddie, there is no ice. Yes, you shall play in it all you wish after breakfast."

And right away after breakfast his mamma bundled him up warmly and not only the little Texan, but his mamma also went out to play in the snow, with all his cousins and the seven little Wilsons and his dog. The snow fell steadily all the forenoon and such a gay time as the active, little fellows had! They built snow forts and bombarded each other; with mamma's help, they made a huge snow man in Jimmie's yard; they buried Rover in the drifts and rolled and tumbled about until they looked like lively little snowmen themselves. In short, they crammed a whole winter of a northern boy's fun into one forenoon. Last of all, they went in a funny little procession through the drifts and under the snow-laden cedars that bordered the walks to deliver their valentines. At lunch time they parted, with many a snowball and a promise to meet again in the evening, as the southerners call the afternoon.

But greater pleasures were in store for Jimmie. First, however, tired with his long play, he fell asleep and had a good nap on the sofa in the sitting-room. When he woke, it was to see his mamma in her furs and his papa in his great coat and nurse waiting with his own little top-coat and cap and the precious rubber boots. Out at the gate there was a great tinkling of bells and Jimmie looked out to see, not one or two, but four horses harnessed to a very curious vehicle. It was some time before he recognized his mamma's carriage for the wheels had been taken off and it was set low down on wooden runners. Jimmie was to have a sleigh ride though the snow was almost two feet deep and the streets so unbroken that four horses were necessary to pull the queer sleigh along.

The bells were jingling, the horses were prancing, ready to start, his mamma and papa were already in the back seat and he was about to clamber up beside the driver, when, glancing across the street, Jimmie caught sight of a little, black face peering out of a kitchen window and his warm heart smote him as he saw the woe-begone expression his little comrade wore.

For "Gran" was cross again and had not permitted Mabélle to join the other youngsters on the block in their afternoon's play, and not one gay valentine had come to her all that day. Was it any wonder that she looked forlorn?

"Hurry up, Jimmie," called his papa.

"Yes papa,—mamma, may Mabélle go, too?

"Why Jimmie," said his mamma gently, "I am afraid there is not room," and she looked with considerable dismay and amusement at Jimmie's papa. "Do you think Mabélle would care to go?"

"She didn't have any fun at all," said Jimmie slowly, "an' she never did get any valentines. It ain't even. I'll give her my sleigh ride for a valentine, if you'll let me. May I go for her, mamma?"

"Yes, go, dear," said Mrs. Brooks, and I think there were tears in her eyes as she watched the rubber boots trudge away manfully on their errand. "Little old Jimmie" soon came back with Mabélle, who was attired in all the glory of her Sunday hat and "Gran's" best plaid shawl. She was lifted to the seat beside the driver, very much elated at the thought of the wonderful ride and also very much awed at finding herself in such grand company.

Jimmie stood on the sidewalk and lifted his cap politely, as he had seen his papa do. "I hope you all will have a nice ride," he said bravely, though the tears came to his eyes and a choke into his voice at the thought of the delights he would miss.

"Thank you, sir," said his papa. "But I think we would enjoy it better if you all came along. Mamma and I will make room for you all here with us. So hop up, youngster."

Do you think Jimmie needed a second invitation?

They were off, with a jingle of bells and a flurry of snow, as the horses floundered through the drifted roads. People ran to doors and windows to see the queer sleigh and smiled as they caught sight of happy Mabélle perched up in the Judge's carriage and wondered perhaps a little at the sight. Such happy chatter and laughter as the two children kept up while they rode through the long streets, where the merry crowds of men, women and children were playing together, and who greeted them with shouts and cheers and showers of snowballs.

A very happy little colored girl was Mabélle, when she was finally set down at her own gate and ran in to tell her "Gran" of the fine ride in the snow. But I think there was no happier child in all Houston than Jimmie as he went to bed that night, tired, it is true, but very much pleased with his wonderful, white St. Valentine's Day.

THE man who has never failed must be indeed himself a failure, for he cannot have been a man to venture. He who wrests from failure new knowledge and new aspirations, who makes it a new vantage-point, a new fulcrum for his lever,—he it is who is in himself a success, and is likely to leave his imprint permanently upon the world.—*S. S. Times.*

LET us send your friends a sample copy of this paper.

I dare say in the popular branch of our national legislature, there are not more than ten men who are at home in the science of finance, who understand aught about the system of industrial impost and industrial taxation as it is taught in the books of scientists, but what they all understand is to pull the wires. They can manipulate primaries and control caucuses and hold conventions. They can fix the slate; still it is they who make national laws that affect your business and my business, and the morality of the whole community; that can throw out of employment or into employment thousands and thousands of our fellow beings. If this be freedom's last announcement, let us cease boasting about the glory of popular government.—*Dr. E. G. Hirsch.*

a runaway train

Sometimes, through accident or neglect, the control over a train is lost and it speeds down the grade at a terrific rate. It is so easy to go down hill; but the journey back is slow and hard. Have you been climbing up in strength, accumulating force, ready for the new work of spring? Or have you been going the other way, losing ground?

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Western Unitarian Conference.

A regular meeting of the directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at 175 Dearborn St., January 29, at 2 p. m. There were present Miss Hultin, Messrs. Jones, Effinger, Van Inwagen, Fenn, Elliott and Gould. In the absence of the president, Mr. Effinger presided. The reading of the report of the last meeting was omitted. Letters were read from Messrs. Elliott, Byrnes and Harvey, accepting their election to the board, and the letters were ordered to be filed. A letter from Mr. Hosmer was also read, containing suggestions on the objects for which the meeting was called. A letter was read from the secretary of the board of trustees of All Souls Church, Chicago, inviting the conference to hold its next annual meeting with that society, and the board voted a unanimous and cordial acceptance of the invitation. It was voted that the program committee consist of four members, including the secretary of the conference and the minister of the chnrch with which the conference unite, and that the committee to be chosen be appointed by the presiding officer. Mrs. Woolley and Mr. Elliott were appointed as the members of the committee. The financial committee reported that it had found that if the churches should all contribute as much as they had each sent during the past four years, the conference would be able to meet all expenses, and that it had sent out circulars to the different churches asking for contributions on that basis. It had also found that some $750 of the deficit subcription had not yet been received and it sent out circulars to those subscribers to the deficit who had not yet sent in the money subscribed. Adjourned. A. W. GOULD, Secretary.

Chicago.

Mrs. Anna S. Benjamin, of Michigan, the well known parliamentarian, who has made for herself so enviable a reputation by directing many women's clubs, notably Sorosis of New York City, in parliamentary usage, will give a series of parliamentary drills, under the auspices of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in Willard Hall, Woman's Temple, every afternoon at 3 p. m. from Feb. 17-21 inclusive. These drills will be specially instructive to members of Young People's Societies. Course Tickets, 50 cents, single admission tickets, 15 cents. Special rates made to societies. All information given on application to 1115, the Temple.

Freeport, Ill.

The secretary preached here last Sunday evening to a large audience on "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." At the close of the service Dr. Voight was elected a trustee of the church and Mr. Fred J. Kunz, president. It was also voted to name the organization "*The Peoples Church.*" The society had been sorely disappointed in not securing Dr. Acton as pastor at the present time, and is now in correspondence with other clergyman.

A. N. ALCOTT.

Minneapolis, Minn.

All Souls Church, which has recently settled Rev. Howard Mac Queary as its minister, seems to be in a very flourishing condition. It has a rapidly growing Sunday-School and a newly organized Young People's Society. A tasty little folder has been issued containing the topics of the Sunday discourses for the next few Sundays. On Jan. 19, the morning topic is "Who Wrote the Gospels and are they Reliable Histories?" the evening subject is "The Universalists Idea of God." Jan. 26, "True and False Views of Jesus' Birth," and "The Universalists Idea of Jesus," are taken up. On Feb. 2, "Was Jesus' Mind Miraculously Developed" and "Universalists Idea of Man"; and on later evenings "The Universalists Idea of the Bible," and "What is the Difference between Universalism and Unitarianism?" are considered.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

The First Unitarian Society of this city has just passed its fifth yearly mile-post, an event which was fittingly celebrated by a free parish supper. Places were laid for 250 guests, at tables extending the full length of the large and handsome auditorium of the New Unity Hall, and every place was occupied. After the supper an interesting history of the society during the year 1895 was given by Mrs. W. C. Jennings; a poem of welcome to the new hall was read by Mrs. David Utter, and the annual address was delivered by the president of the society, Mr. Nat M. Brigham, who voiced with great force and clearness the present opportunity and need in the work of Unitarian societies—the need of larger human unity. In closing he introduced as toastmaster for the evening the recently installed minister of the society, Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson, who in a happy vein introduced the following toasts and responses:

"Our Opportunity,".....Elmer B. Jones
"The Young Man and the Church,"..Frederick Lyon
"The College Man and the Church,"..Allen T. Sanford
"The Business Man and the Church,".Henry W. Lawrence
"The Church and the Masses,".....J. B. Timmony
"The Unitarian Missionary,".A. N. Cherry
"The Clergy,".....Rev. David Utter
"The Laity,".....Eugene Lewis
"The Descendants of the Puritans, have they Degenerated?" N. Albert Sherman
"Science and Religion,".....A. Grothe
"Law and Religion,".....C. S. Varian
"The Rewards of a Liberal Church,"..A. T. Schroeder

The occasion was in every respect a not able success, but especially in bringing into closer working harmony the varied elements that make up this young society. The outlook here is very hopeful. The congregations have been growing steadily until they average nearly 300; since October 1st., 39 new names have been added to the church rolls, including some of the leading business men of the city; the Sunday-School has now a membership of over 100, which is increasing every Sunday, and a healthy spirit of activity and unity is coming to be felt in all departments of the work.

The Sunday School.

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New Edition.

The original leaflets of the fourth year of the Six Years' Course, "The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion," by W. W. Fenn, have been exhausted and consequently a new edition in book form has been printed and is now for sale at twenty cents a copy, or two dollars a dozen. The twenty-two lessons are based on twenty-two masterpieces, illustrating passages in the life of Jesus, these happily combining a study of the famous pictures with a study of the leading and pivotal points in the transformation of the Hebrew religion into the Christianity of Paul and the Apostles. It was admirably conceived and carried out and met with much favor in its first form, and will prove useful in the present shape.

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FROM THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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The Study Table

A HISTORY OF MONEY AND PRICES. By J. Schoenhof. G. Putnam & Sons, Publishers. 8 vo., 351 pages, $1.50.

The central thought in this work is thus set forth by the author in the preface: "I demonstrate that prices of commodities move in obedience to natural aud inherent causes, independent of circulating money quantities." He acknowledges (page 3) that "it has become almost an axiom" that the quantity of money in circulation is an important factor in fixing the prices of commodities as a whole. We do not see that Mr. Schoenhof has shaken this principle. To those who wish to examine the subject the work is of value as it presents many facts. G. H. S.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA. By Edward Washburn Hopkins. Ginn and Company.

The appearance of this, the first of a series of handbooks on the History of Religions to be issued under the editorial supervision of Morris Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, is one indication of the growing inte r est in the historica l study of religions in thi country. Others are to be seen in the Parliament of Religions and in the recent establishment of chairs of Comparative Religions at Cornell and at the University of Chicago.

It is one of the aims of this series of manuals to furnish the general reader the information on these subjects to which he is entitled. It is to be hoped that the books, written by specialists as they are to be, will take the place of the compilations of second-hand knowledge and broad generalizations which infest this field of knowledge as well as others.

The treatment of the Religions of India as one subject has the obvious advantage of being able to present the several religions in their true nature of different stages in an evolution. This fact the author has in no place lost sight of unless it be at the very beginning of his book.

Professor Hopkins' task was by no means a small one, the less so since his aim has been, as he tells us, to make his reader know the religions of India, while Barth, who wrote the only book covering the same ground, aimed to make his reader know about them.

The earlier part of the book, dealing with the religion of the Vedas and Brahmanas will, perhaps, be of less interest to the general reader than will the latter part. The various gods are described at length and the lower side of the early religion—incantations and witchcraft—is dealt with. It may be questioned whether the author has given this side sufficient prominence. It is to be hoped that the recently published book of Oldenberg will be translated into English since in no other work is this lower side of Vedic religion so well brought out.

In his seventh chapter a severe blow is given to most of the theories of a common Indo-European religion. The author shows that many of the ideas common to several branches of the Indo-European family and hence supposed to have belonged to a pro-ethnic religion are also to be found among the American Indians. The comparisons prove nothing save that the same idea may spring up in different places.

In the chapters on Jainism and Buddhism it is shown how little or nothing of doctrine, practice, or morals was absolutely new; but it is also made plain what was the essence of Buddhism which distinguished it and gave it its power. The obstacles riased by the priesthood and the caste system to salvation were removed. By means of the Four Great Truths and the Eight-fold Path salvation was to be open to *all*. The reform was one in sociology rather than religion. One might

RELIGION AND SCIENCE AS ALLIES.

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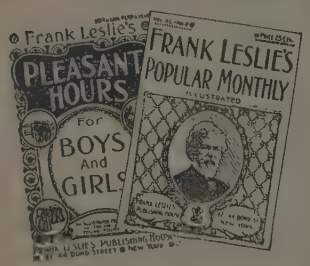

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Livingstone's First Expedition.

Between Livingstone and his Boer neighbors, however, there was little love. He accused the Boer farmers of cruelty to the natives, and they resented his interference, and threatened to drive him out of the country. He published their misdeeds in the Cape newspapers, and in revenge for his strictures they finally set fire to his house and burned him out.

This it was which first induced Livingstone to travel to the north, in hopes of finding a land where he could follow in peace his vocation as missionary, and where the Boer farmers could no longer molest him. In his search for the ideal territory he had in view he entered regions utterly unknown to the best-informed geographer, and made many discoveries of importance. It was then that he discovered Lake Ngami and the southern feeders of the Zambesi. It was from this motive that he was led to continue his journey across the Zambesi, to follow its course to its head waters, and to make his way to San Paul de Loanda in Angola; and this was why he retraced his steps and followed the Zambesi to the eastern ocean, where his first series of remarkable adventures terminated after sixteen years of travel.

Just as the Boer persecution had started him on his explorations and diverted him from his cherished missionary work, so the great reputation he obtained by these brilliant feats of travel and valuable discoveries of great lakes and rivers tended to separate him still further from his true role. He had revealed the existence of a tropical world, af luxuriant savannas and extensive forests, where animal life was prolific and the vegetation was of marvelous variety and growth. The Zambesi River was 2,000 miles long, the lakes were full of sweet water, the soil was fertile and well repaid cultivation, the native products were varied and useful, and as for the natives, when let alone by the roving Arab and unmolested by the Portuguese half-caste, the account of his long residence among them and his many adventures with them proved that they were a good deal better than English people had any notion of. However, the slave-trade was rampant in the interior, whole districts were being devastated and thousands of human beings were annually perishing through the bloody violence adopted by the Arabs. The sights in the slave ship's hold were not to be compared in horror to what he had seen in African kraal and camp.

Livingstone was much occupied with delivering addresses in the principal British cities, and after warming his audiences with his glowing pictures of African lands, he would make their flesh creep by telling them of the wholesale murders perpetrated by the Arab and Portuguese marauders, and then close with an appeal for the help of Christian England to stop these horrid inhumanities.—["The Story of the Development of Africa," by Henry M. Stanley, in the February *Century.*

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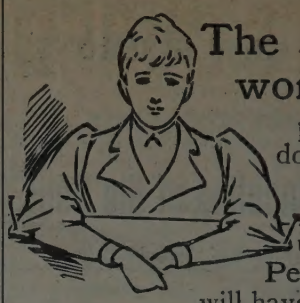
into the track of the approaching lips? It could not have been Eve, for there was no other woman to kiss, except possibly Lilith, and the relations there were somewhat strained, even for kissing. But somewhere, some time, there was a first woman who thus met the proffered kiss, and somewhere was a first woman who was thus repulsed, and whose soul froze into righteous determination to try the same thing on the next woman she met; and thus was sealed the fate of the kiss on the mouth. We understand that the custom still persists to a certain extent among lovers, but we have fears that even there it will not long survive. Think of the offense against the laws of hygiene! What fell microbes of disease may not flit between them in the kiss that plights their vows!

No, the good old-fashioned kiss has gone; the good, old-fashioned hand-shake is going, even while I write may be gone. It is still occasionally met with. Your country cousin comes to town. She does not understand the artistic crook of interrogation in which your hand attempts to approach hers. She grasps the curving fingers and straightens them in a loving squeeze. You sigh, and fancy that the art was lost upon her? Not at all. Wait until she reaches home. See her at the next church "sociable"; note the condescending curve of her small figure as it bends in greeting; observe the digital hook with which she draws in each unwary and disconcerted comer. And so the evil communication spreads until the whole country has felt its devastating touch.

Some people are bound to suffer more than others from this social change. Be merciful unto them, ye powers that be. The man who for long years has laid his fishlike fingers confidingly in yours has come upon an evil day. His torpid sensibilities are doomed to daily shocks. Be gentle with him. Woo him, win him, out of his limp straightness in that first difficult curve, doubly difficult for him. And the whole-hearted, cordial, pumplike man is destined to meet many a setback before it dawns on his stupid, blundering soul that something is wrong. To him a hand-shake is a hand-shake. He will be slow to understand these fine distinctions between the old and the new; to comprehend that the old hand-shake was "physical" in its nature; that the new one, given as it is from the level of the heart, is "soulful, spiritual." Bear with him. He will comprehend in time. In time we shall all comprehend and acquiesce, and the good old fashion will be no more.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

How Willie Saved the Home.

I am sixteen years old. Father was sick and the interest on the mortgage was due and we did not have any money to pay it. I saw in our ADVOCATE that the Coin Silverware Co., of Columbus, O., would send a sample set of six silver plated tea spoons for eighteen two cent stamps. I sent and got a set and sold them for 60 cents. The first day I sold ten sets and made $2.40. Everybody I asked bought. They were so cheap and as nice as they could get in the stores for $1.00 a set. The second day I could only work half a day and I sold 8 sets. The first week I had raised the money for the interest. Why wont everyone buy new silver spoons for less than it would cost to have the old ones replated? I will make easy $15.00 or $20.00 every week. These hard times there are lots of other people who are wanting to make money, and this is a chance that should be seized at once. Anyone can get a sample of these silver tea spoons by directing as above. Why should anyone live in penury when they can make money as I have done?



The woman pinned down to one or two uses of Pearline will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearline washes clothes in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearline is the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, any way. Try it. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearline—(without soap). 476

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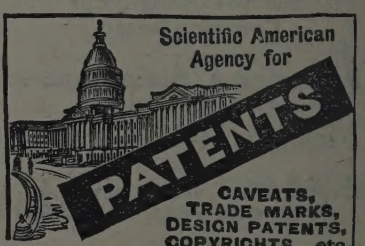

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He has been very successful, and his book is one especially to be recommended to those who have lost their faith in the old Bible of tradition and dogma, and need to be shown the substantial worth of what criticism leaves unharmed of literary value and spiritual quickening.—*The New World.*

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Preaching a Sermon.

If it is read, the people say it is not the preacher's own. If it is recited, they say he got it up by rote. If it is premeditated, they say he told us all he knew. If extempore, they say it is no more than babble. If methodical, they say it is but bold diversion. If finely composed, they declare it too ornate. If intended to arouse, they say the language is too violent. If full of illustrations, they say it is far too shallow. If it has none, they say it is too deep. If practical, people turn up their noses at it. If doctrinal, they say we get no good. If it contains scriptural quotations, they say we can read those at home. If it has none, they declare the minister is not acquainted with his Bible. If original, they term it heavy. If orthodox, people say it is the same old thing over again. If earnest, they call the preacher a raving revivalist. If calm, they say the man has no heart in his work. If controversial, that he is dogmatic. If free from controversy, that he is not up to the spirit and ideas of the age. If the sermon denounces sin, they say it is too strong; unfit for polite ears. If broad, no point, not worth listening to. If easily understood, they say the preacher is courting the applause of the poor. If packed with thought, insist that the poor are utterly neglected. If long, they don't like long sermons. If short, they prefer them longer. If he speaks to the heart, he is too personal. If he doesn't, he preaches over their heads. If accompanied with gestures, he if affected and sensational. If not, he is a veritable poker. —*Exchange.*

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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The Magazines.

THE contribution in the February *Atlantic* which will attract perhaps the widest attention is an able paper entitled The Presidency and Mr. Reed. It is a thoughtful presentation of the requirements of the presidential office and a discussion of Mr. Reed's fitness for it. Another feature of importance in this issue is Glasses, a complete story, by Henry James. The central idea of this story is most unique and affords Mr. James an unusual opportunity to exercise his talents as a story-teller. Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop contributes some recollections of Hawthorne, covering the period of his English consulate. H. Sidney Everett contributes a paper on Unclaimed Estates. He gives minute and most interesting information in regard to the large European estates which are supposed to be awaiting American claimants. Further contributions by Gilbert Parker, Bradford Torrey, Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. and others, exhaustive book reviews, comment on new Books, and the Contributors' Club, complete this readable issue.

SCRIBNER'S *Magazine* for February might be called a mid-winter outdoor number, as it contains an unusual number of articles of life and adventure in the open air. First among these is the leading article of the number on the Colorado Health Plateau, by Lewis Morris Iddings, which is a delightful social study by a man who has traveled in many regions of the world, and who knows the region around Colorado Springs thoroughly, having spent a number of winters there. Still another article of adventure of a unique kind is the graphic account of the "Ascent of Mt. Ararat" in Armenia, by H. F. B. Lynch. The second instalment of J. M. Barrie's serial, "Sentimental Tommy," which has already won thousands of new readers, will deepen the impression created by the first instalment that *Scribner's Magazine* is publishing a masterpiece which no reader of contemporary literature can afford to miss. The tenth instalment of President Andrews's history is called "The Neo-Republican Ascendency," which describes the close of Cleveland's first administration, the campaign of 1888 and Harrison's victory.

A German School Reform.

The German government has determined to adopt a sweeping reform in the public schools. The examinations have proved that it is impossible for children with slow or weak intellects to keep pace with normally bright pupils. It has, therefore, been determined to add separate classes for children with lesser talent. The *Lehrer Zeitung*, Berlin, says: "The government has ordered that a medical officer be appointed to assist in the separation of the less intellectual pupils from the others, as it may be assumed that physical defects and the results of past illness are generally the cause of this lack of ability to keep up with the rest. Care must be taken that none but those who really are unable to profit by the ordinary instruction enter the new classes. These classes must never contain more than twenty-five pupils. The instruction in these classes will exclude all subjects requiring strong mental activity, but special attention will be paid to physical development. Should a pupil improve in his ability, than he is to be transferred to the normal classes."

Notice.

If the subscribers to the NEW UNITY, who are sending the paper to me, will give their address in full on the first page of the next paper they send, it will be a help to my post-office work. I could use a score more copies of this paper to good advantage. It is most excellent and helpful. If you are tempted to destroy or leave unused a single paper, REMEMBER ME and the POST-OFFICE MISSION.

JOHN S. BROWN,
Lawrence, Kansas.

THE ORIGIN OF EAR-RINGS.—It is a strange tradition among the Arabians that ear-rings came into use in the following way. When Pharaoh summoned Abraham and reproached him for his untruth (in saying that Sarah was his sister), Abraham prayed for the king, and Allah healed the king, who now gave Abraham many rich presents, and among others an Egyptian slave named Hagar. She bore him a son, whom he called Ishmael. But Sarah was barren, and the more jealous since the light of Mohammed shone on Ishmael's forehead. She demanded of Abraham to put away Hagar and her son. He was undecided until commanded by

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Allah to obey Sarah in all things. Yet he entreated her not to cast off her bondmaid and her son. But this so exasperated her that she declared she would not rest until her hands had been imbrued in Hagar's blood. Then Abraham pierced Hagar's ear quickly and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar without bringing the latter into danger. From that time it became a custom among women to wear ear-rings.

A Free Course of Liberal Lectures.

A course of liberal lectures under the auspices of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will be given in towns not too far from Chicago. The following persons have already consented to speak in the course:

A. N. Alcott, "The History of the Evolution of the Human Mind in Religion"; B. R. Bulkeley, "Tendencies of the Days"; C. F. Elliott, "Our Larger Selves"; A. W. Gould, "The Upper Current"; Robert Jardine, "The Historical Relations of Buddhism to Christianity"; J. L. Jones, "The Parliament of Religions and What Follows"; Joseph Stolz, "What All Can Believe"; B. F. Underwood, "The Positive Side of Liberal Religious Thought"; R. A. White, "The Untouched Remnant"; Celia P. Woolley, "Form and Substance in Religion."

To new places the only charges will be the traveling expenses of the speakers. To places desiring lectures for the second time some slight additional charge will be made to be used towards paying for the support of the Liberal headquarters in Chicago. All communication can be addressed to A. W. Gould, the chairman of the Missionary Committee, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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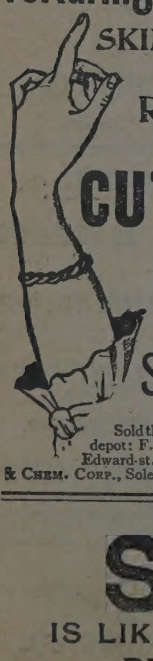

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Announcements

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

All Souls Church, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

Church of Our Father, 80 Hall St., Rev. Robt. Jardine, 1432 Dunning St.

Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street, W. W. Fenn, Minister.

Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street, M. H. Harris, Minister.

Ethical Culture Society, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

Friends' Society, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

Independent Liberal Church, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View, T. G. Milsted, Minister.

K. A. M. Congregation (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

Oak Park Unity Church (Universalist), R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

People's Church (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

Ryder Memorial Church (Universalist), Sheridan Ave. and 64th St. Sunday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Millar, minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby Ave.

St. Paul's Church (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

Sinai Congregation (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

Third Unitarian Church, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

Unity Church (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Minister.

Zion Congregation (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

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SAPOLIO

IS LIKE A GOOD TEMPER, "IT SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE."

What Do You Think of This!

TIME speeds on—before you realize it Christmas is at hand and the worry of selecting gifts begins. An inexpensive gift that will give pleasure and be of utility and at the same time suggest appropriateness is one of the most difficult problems that confronts us at holiday times. The trouble is we put it off too long. Nothing seems to suggest itself as "just the thing" and thus the important duty of selecting our gifts is left till the last minute and one must then" take what is left." The readers of the New Unity should not be of the dilly-dally sort. The World's Fair souvenir spoons are *just the thing*. And as bridal or birthday gifts it would be a hard matter to find another gift so pleasing to the donor, at such a small price. One lady writes:

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Enclosed please find postoffice order for the amount $6.00 for which you will please forward six sets of your "World's Fair" souvenir spoons and the cake basket which you offer as premium for same. Yours truly,

(Signed) Lillie V. Croft, 318 Fayette St.

DESCRIPTION OF SOUVENIR SPOONS.

They are standard after-dinner coffee size, heavily coin silver plated, with gold plated bowls, each spoon has a different World's Fair building exquisitely engraved in the bowl, and the handles are finely chased, showing a raised head of Christopher Columbus with the dates 1492-1893, and the World's Fair City. The set is packed in an elegant plush lined case. The entire set is sent prepaid for 99 cents, and if not perfectly satisfactory your money will be refunded.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Below will be found a few of the many thousands of cordial letters we are receiving from delighted purchasers. These are not old letters but new ones as may be seen from their dating. They are all letters from subscribers of religious papers.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ills. Auburn, Me., May 15, 1895.

Dear Sirs:—I sent for a set of your souvenir spoons for my wife a short time since and you enclosed an offer to make a present of three sets if we would sell six. My wife went out among her friends and sold six in one afternoon. I enclose money order for $5.94 for the nine sets of spoons.

She thinks she could sell many more among her friends here, and wants to know what you give as presents besides the souvenir spoons. How much longer will the offer last, or rather how much longer will the spoons hold out?

Yours respectfully,

Edward W. Bonney, 8 Myrtle St.

This sounds like business all through. Mr. Bonney's judgment was evidently based upon the fact that the spoons were of real merit and would be in good taste for his wife to take orders among her friends. There are lots of folks who delight in the diversion of interesting their friends in some pleasing article. It isn't canvassing but a commendable method of putting calling days to good practical, profitable use.

Meriden, Miss., Aug. 6, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co.

Gentlemen:—I send enclosed, postoffice order for $7.39 for which please send to my address, one case of your silverware, containing tablespoons, teaspoons and butter plates, six of each and butter knife and sugar spoon. Also six sets of World's Fair spoons. Please send a cake basket as premium for the souvenir spoons. I think I can get orders for several cake baskets when I have one to show the ladies, also butter dishes. This is the tenth set of spoons that I have ordered of you. All are pleased with them. Please address,

Mrs. Frank Meyers,
343 41st Ave.

Fort Morgan, Colo., July 8, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I received your card this morning in regard to the spoons sent us. The spoons came all right and we were well pleased with them. Mrs. Seckner showed them to a few of her lady friends and all wanted them, but all did not feel as though they could take them.

Yours truly,

Rev. H. D. Seckner.

SUMMARY.

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